Three Million Barrels of This Season's Croy Expected to Reach Market-The Best Apples Sent Abrend and We Get the Leavings-Favorite Apples for Export and Fancy Varieties That Bring High Prices



O many new orchards are being grown and new districts coming in nowadays," said a prominent West street apple shipper to an EVENING WORLD Peporter, "that it is rather a difficult thing to tell whether it is an off year or not. There was a time when it was the general rule that if there were no apples Livingston Counties in this State, there

were none in the ountry, and this was about the truth. Now, however, if there are no apples in one section we can get them in another, and we go South and North from them. A great many apples come from Nova Scotis and Canada to supply this market, and then again we draw a large supply from Virginia. The West is not

large supply from Virginia. The West is not an apple-growing region."

"How about this year?"

"There is a full crop in the western counties of New York, so it may be regarded as an odd-fashioned apple year, although there is a scarcity in some of the new regions, particularly in Monroe and Cattaraugus Counties, where only one-half a crop is reported. In the West the yield is very light. It is estimated that the New York crop is somewhere in the neighborhood of 3,000,000 barrels this year. This is exclusive of the apples used in cider-making and includes only those shipped to market."

"Are not a great many of the apples which

"Are not a great many of the apples which some to this market shipped to Europe?"
"Certainly, they form during the seasons, that is during October and November, one of the principal articles of expert from this port. It is estimated that over one million will be shipped to Europe this year from all the ports. The exports from New York are rotten behind those of last year up to the present time, although last week they went up to 20,000 barrels. The total figures this year up to Nov. 1 are 139,928 barrels against year up to Nov. 1 are 139,928 barrels against 257,583 barrels for the corresponding time "Where do the export apples come from?,

"Where do the export apples come from?,"
"Principally from the western counties'
although almost all the apples raised in Ulster and Dutchess counties are shipped direct to Europe. In fact, all the best apples
that come to this market are taken for shipment, and New York people get only the
leavings, so to speak. This is because the demand is so active, and because only the
soundest and best apples that can be proured are available for export. If not sound,
hey could not stand the voyage, and the
armit would arrive in an unsalable condition. A great deal of money has been lost
by shippers from this very cause, and now it by shippers from this very cause, and now it has come to be regarded as a very ticklish

"Which are the best apples for export?"

"Well, I suppose you might call Baldwins and Greenings the favorites. They are the best for export because at this season of the year they are hard as bricks, and are least affected by transportation. At wholesale they have been best for export because at this season of the year they are hard as bricks, and are least affected by transportation. At wholesale they bring from \$1.50 to \$2 a barrel, and they are now coming into the market in great quantities. Another good export apple, and a great favorite with English consumers, is the Northern Spy, which comes only from the western counties of this State. It is a large reddish apple, with a peculiar and delicate flavor. Spitzenbergs, which sell at \$1.75 to \$2.25 a barrel at wholesale, are of course one of the old stand-bys, and are always eagerly gobbled up by dealers, both for the local and the export trade."

"What are some of the fancy varieties?"

"The Newtown pippin, which comes from Virginia, is one of the favorite fancy grades. The price ranges between \$3 and \$5, according to the supply. The King variety sells at \$3 a barrel, the Gravenstein, from Nova Scotia, is worth about \$3.50, and the Snow \$3.25. These are all wholesale prices. Among other fancy grades are the Yorktown and Monmouth pippin, the Cranberry pippin, Egg Tops, None Such, Vandeveers and twenty-ounce pippin, but the supply of these apples in the market is always very small."

twenty-ounce pippin, but the supply of these apples in the market is always very small."

JAN. 20, 1887.

My dear Mr. Riker:

This is the escond "certificate of merit" I have ever written for a medicine. Your "Expectorant" I consider the very best medicine I have ever used—in fact, it comes nearer being a spraifig than all the other medicines put together ever have. My wife has been isid up with bronchial catarrh for a LONG TIME. A month ago she relapsed into a condition which boded hasty consumption, and her cough was LITERALLY (not metaphorically) coaseless. I tried some of the most ingenions compounds ever prescribed by a doctor of extraordinary talent and experience, but somehow they all failed. In despair I bought a bottle of your "RIKER's EXPECTORANT." One-half of it only has been used, and my wife's cough has already lost its original character. She has, perhaps, three short bouts" in the trenty-four hours. The spain has completely changed, and the nervous IRRITATION of the throat has entirely disappeared. To sum up the control of the control of the present of the property of the property

HEARTLESS.



O, you have no ambition," cried the girl; "but I have."

fellow, and in a dull, and altogether inade. quate to the companionship of this radiant creature.

an impatience which perhaps accorded lit-

"Yes, ambition. Did you ever think you would like to be anything more or better than you are now? And what are you? Just a

farm laborer." contempt.

"It's what your father and brother were. Hilary," returned Oliver, after a little space.

"That's no reason why every one should go on being the same thing to everlasting,"

announced Hilary, not very clearly, but with

worldly wisdom. This had always been their attitude. Her nimbleness and wit left his slowness and heaviness at a loss. There were things he would have liked to say-things

THOROUGHBREDS DONE IN OIL

some Pictures of Noted Racehorses in the St. James Hotel. ERSONS interested in

celebrated racehorses. both of the past and present, will find in the St. James Hotel barroom paintings of the most famous thoroughbreds of the past fifteen years. The pictures are all from the brush of Henry Stull. The first picture on the left from the entrance is that of the celebrated Leonatus. with the jockey, "Billy" Donohue in the

saddle. Leonatus won the Kentucky Darby in 1883. He is now in the stud in Tennessee.

Next to Leonatus is one of Mr. Stull's latest productions. It represents J. T. Ullin Wayne, Niagara and man's big bay horse Raceland, said by many to be the greatest two-year-old of this year. The picture shows him to be doing an exercise gallop at Sheepshead Bay, ridden by the colored jockey, Isaac Lewis. Raceland distinguished himself by winning the Great

tinguished himself by winning the Great Eastern Handicap in a big gallop in 1.15%, although he was giving away big lumps of weight to all of his opponents. Here also is the picture of the bay mare Louisette, once the favorite of G. L. Lorillard, who died while abroad some time ago. The mare is now on the breeding farm.

The mighty Hindoo is shown with "Jimmy" McLaughlin up, in the Dwyer Bros. colors. Hindoo has, besides winning ten races as a two-year-old, added immortal glory to his other laurels by siring Hanover, one of the greatest three-year-olds ever seen on the American turf.

Mr. Stull's recent work is said to be much better than his former efforts, as is shown in his pictures of Elkwood, The Bard and Troubadour, all of which were painted this year. Bend Or, one of R. J. Cassatt's great colts, has a place of honor next to The Bard. Bend Or holds the fastest record for a mile and 500 yards, made at Saratoga, in 2.10%. Bend Or also distinguished himself by being the sire of a two-year-old filly named Bandusia, who won a two-year-old race at Sheepshead Bay with the odds of 200 to 1 against her.

There are also good examples of J. B.

Sheepshead Bay with the odds of 200 to against her.

There are also good examples of J. B. Haggin's bay horse Ban Fox, with Billy Hayward up; E. Corrigan's mare Modesty and chestnut horse Freeland. The colored Archer, Isaac Murphy, is up on both of Mr. Corrigan's racers. Parole, Jack of Hearts, Bolero, Monitor and Exile are also perpetuated on canyage.

Bolero, Monitor and Exile are also perpetuated on canvas.

Over the cashier's desk is a fine picture of Capt. Sam Brown's big bay horse Troubadour, with "Dare-devil" Fitzpatrick in the pig-skin, taken shortly after his great race for the Suburban Handicap, when he galloped away from a field of nineteen horses and won in a canter. Mr. Connor's favorite is the small picture of his wonderful chestnut mare Glidelia, one of the best mares ever got by the famous sire Bonnie Scotland.

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR

Contributed Daily to "The Evening World" by the Steward of the Aster House. At to-day's market prices the material for this

> FISH. Baked Blue Fish. Chicken Pie. DESSERT.
> Mince Pie.
> r Snaps.
> Coffee. Ginger Cheese

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib roast, 18 to 20c.
Porterhouse stack, 25c.
Sirioin stack, 18 to 20c.
Leg mutton, 16c.
Lamb chops, 25c. to 85c.
Leg vasi, 30c.
Singlish muttom chop, 25c.
Singlish stack, 25c.
Singlish stack, 25c.
Singlish muttom chop, 25c.
Singlish muttom chop, 25c.
Singlish muttom chop, 25c.
Singlish muttom chop, 25c.
Singlish stack, 25c.
Sin

Horseradish, 10c. roos. Bweet potatoes, 26c. half peck. Lims beans, 20c. quart. Egg plants, 10c. Oyster plant, 10c. a bunch.

A DRUGGIST uptown sells more of ADAMSON'S BOTARIC COUGH BALSAM than all other cough mixtures. 10c.

SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB'S PRO-POSED CHANGE OF LOCATION.

Punch Vaughn to Fight an Unknown—A Glove Contest Between Buermyer and Barry on the Taple-An Interesti perlance Between ex-Light-Weight Cham-Edwards and a Would-be Fighter



HE New York Athletic Club will not be one of those that will regret not moving early enough when the
Harlem is turned into
a ship canal, as it will
be inside the next two
years. Sheffield Island
in the Sound, between

Glen Island and the New York shore has been selected as the site for the new boat. house and athletic grounds of the Mercury Foot Club, and Contractor Cummings

there yesterday making estimates. The island contains twentymates. The island contains twentyeight acres and was the home of Fritz
Emmet and Mr. Robert Hunter. The club
has purchased besides seven acres on the
mainland, so that it will own a landing extending right up to the confines of Botton
Priory. The laying of the track, building of
the club and boat houses, erection of
grand-stands, as well as the laying out
of some fifty fine lawn-tennis courts,
will commence with the opening of spring,
and the track, it is expected, will be
ready by June 1. As a number of the wealthy
members of the organization will probably
spend the summer at this new resort, the memors or the organization will probably spend the summer at this new resort, the club-house will be a very elegant affair, capable of accommodating 500 people. The island is at present from an hour to an hour and a half distant from this city, but it is intended to run frequent special boats from Wall street and East River uptown landings next summer. next summer.

The Pastime Athletic Club will have a road and cross-country run to-night.

Punch Vaughn, the English middle-weight, has been matched in Boston to fight George Godfrey's unknown for \$500 a side in three weeks. Vaughn will be tendered a benefit at the "Hub" on Nov. 21.

New York Athletic Club members talk o getting up a private glove contest for an ele-gant trophy between the old time heavy-weight champion amateur Harry Buermeyer, and W. J. M. Barry. A bout between these men ought to be a rattling good go.

Election day was very pleasant to theatrical managers in this city, because it was remunerative. Almost all the theatres, even those which had given special matinées, were crowded on Tuesday night. Denman Thompson's receipts for the day reached \$3,000. Daly's, Wallack's and Dockstader's held enormous audiences at the matinées. In Jersey City Mr. Southern crowded the theatre. That young man, by-the-by, is rapidly becoming a candidate for membership in the Adonis Club, of which Kelcey, Bellew and Hilliard are conspicuous members. The ladies likehim. It is said that a large number of New York girls have been present at the Jersey City performances.

There was only occasion to call for Peace Officer Billy Edwards's services in the Hoffman on Election Day night. The young man who required putting out was obstreperous and Billy had to throw him down, as gently as possible, three times before he could land him in Twenty-fourth street. Yesterday morning the ex-lightweight champion was getting his boots blacked in a corridor of the hotel, when a medium-sized man accosted him. "Yes," said Billy, "it was me put you out last night. I was sorry to have to, but I him. "Yes," said Billy, "it was me put you out last night. I was sorry to have to, but I did it, when ordered to do so, as gentlemanly as I could." "I'd ought to blow your brains out, but I won't. I can lick you. I'll fight you for \$600." Edwards was speechless for a second with surprise. "I'll go you," he said, as he fished some money out of his pocket with one hand and rubbed his eyes to be sure he was awake with the other, "and if I don't lick you in two minutes I'll go and fall off a dock." "Never mind about fighting just now. What kind of wine do you drink?" said the suddenly calmed down belligerent.

man? As far as I can see he doesn't different from anybody else. Dime Museum Attendant-That man with the tired look ?

P.—Yes. D. M. A.—Why, he's the greatest curiosity we have.
P.—Indeed?
D. M. A.—Sure pop. He understands all about the Interstate Commerce Law.

A Strong Resemblance. (From the Pittebury Chronicit.)
"Why is a frog like a man who bets on the wrong

orse ?" asked the Snake Editor. "Give it up," replied the Horse Editor.
"Because he is a green backer."

written was worn and discolored at the folds.

A tall and imposing personage, with a costume of conspicuous stylishness and an unimpeachable coiffure, looked at him and came forward a little.

She seemed to be the only woman in the large deep shop, down the length of which stretched broad white counters laden with feathers, hats, flowers, boxes of ribbon. Some young men, clerks, were lounging about in various attitudes of languor, awaiting the beginning of the day's labors.

"Lester, did you say?" repeated the imposing person with the smooth and effective hair. "Miss Hilary Lester? I couldn't tell you, really. She has not been here in my time. We employ only a few girls upstairs on trimmed sample hats."

She had an air of having dismissed the rural looking new-comer. One or two of the

looking new-comer. One or two of the younger clerks smiled. Perhaps Oliver saw it. If so, he did not mind. He waited a moment more.
"You—you could not tell me where she is

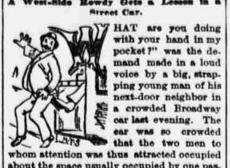
"No, of course not," stammered poor Oliver."

"Who was he after? Seemed to be pretty badly cut up," he heard some one laugh as he went out.

Stumbling a little in his hulking countryman's walk, he passed along the great, strange, noisy street once more. Hurrying hundreds, each unit of them all on his own interests—his own absorbing concerns—intent, brushed by him unheeding.

RULLIED THE WRONG MAN.

West-Side Rowdy Gets a Lesson in a



about the space usually occupied by one passenger on the seat at the rear end of the car.

The man spoken to was a modestly dressed, meek-looking man, much older than the speaker, and he blushed, smiled faintly, and looked confusedly through a pair of round spectacles at the other as he murmured an explanation and made an effort to pull his own cost-tail from under the other man.

"Oh, you needn't smile. If you try that on again I'll give you one right on the nose."

Oh, you needn't smile. If you try that on again I'll give you one right on the nose."

The elder men tried hard to smile again as he turned his gaze out the window, but the smile was a flat failure. He was evidently not only anneyed, but a little fearful for his personal safety.

This seemed to have just the reverse effect from the one intended, and the young man rose and, leaning over the other man, went on more fiercely: "You're a dirty sneak-thief, and I've a good mind to throw you out of the window."

Just then the meek man arose. He was about as high as the shoulder of the other. He took the spectacles off his nose, wiped them on a red silk handkerchief and put them in his vest pocket. Then he said: "Now, my fine young ruffan, you get out of this car, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life. Are you going to move out, or shall I send one of these people after an ambulance to remove your carcass?

The mild-mannered little man was buttoning up his mild little topcoat, and the other gave him only one look, and then hastily crowded himself through the door and dropped off the car, receiving a parting tap from the boot of a burly broker who stood on the platform.

The conductor said the young man was a

the platform.

The conductor said the young man was a west-side bully, who had made life miserable for him on his late trips by bullying innocent passengers on some similar pretext.

NOTIONS IN NOTE PAPER.

The "Great Scott" note paper comes in narrow sheets about twenty inches long and fold three times to fit into square envelopes. The "broken glass" paper has oblong sheets that fold across once to fit large square envelopes.

A favorite style is the square sheet in "etching," or Irish linen paper, that folds once down the middle and fits a long narrow envelope that is ornamented with an imitation of an antique coin in raised gold or

A style that is liked by many is a plaid in pale pink and blue or in delicate shades of blue and green.

The most popular ornamentation is the home address in the upper right-hand corner of the sheet, the envelope to be sealed with wax and stamped with the writer's private seal.

Sometimes the coat-of-arms is in the left-hand corner, and the address in the right, and in this case the coat-of-arms also orna-ments the envelope. Boxes containing six sticks of sealing wax in one color, but in different shades, find many purchasers among ladies.

A popular style is to have the letters of the first name form a monogram, or the first name in small letters on a ribbon that crosses a monogram formed of the remaining initials.

Mahegany Signs Common in England.

[From the Northwestern Lumberman.]
It is well said that one-half the world does no know how the other half lives. Here, where pine and poplar are used for signs, comparatively few and poplar are used for signs, comparatively few are aware that mahogany is the kind of wood largely used for that purpose in England. A humberman from Bradford, who not long ago visited this office, stated that such was the case. When redwood was introduced into England this gentleman thought at first blush that the lumber was oclear and wide it would be excellent for signs. It was tried, but for some reason it did not come up to the Englishmen's idea of eternal durability, and mahogany was again resorted to.

How Boys Can Make Money. [Interviews in the Washington Post.] sell Sage's advice: "By (1) getting a post A Real Curiesty.

Prom the Boston Courier.]

Patron—What is there peculiar about that man? As far as I can see he doesn't seem to be length of time. In our want a friend at court for any length of time. In our want a first all court for any length of time. In our want a first all court for any length of time. In our want a first all court for any length of time. In our want a first all court for any length of time. In our want a first all court for any length of time. In our want a first all court for any length of time. length of time—in fact, not at all."

Jay Gould's policy: "Keep out of bad company and go to work with a will. The boy who does that is bound to get on in the world."

Cyras W. Field's scheme: "Punctuality, honesty and brevity," Mr. Field says, "are the watchwords of life."

The Acme of Laziness [From Puck.]
Policeman (leaning against peanut stand)—Gape
for me, ye calico-hided Oystalian !
Peanut vender gapes.
Policeman—Gape wider, ye shnake!
Peanut vender turns his head inside out.
Policeman—I's well ye did! (Fills his tall-pocket with peanuts and goes into saloon for something to keep awake on.) A CHINESE IMPERIAL OUTFIT.

Thousands of Hands Busy With a Gorgeon Wedding Trousseau.

[From the Pall Mail Gasette.] The choice of the bride for the young Empero of China has at last been made, and in due time the daughter of the Duke of Chao, the brother of the present Empress, will be Empress of the Celes-tial Empire. Although the wedding will probably not take place before 1869, thousands of hands are already busy with the lady's trousseau and wedding presents, which have probably never been equalled in wealth at any other Court. The follow-Emperor is presenting his flancée before their marriage, after the actual engagement present, which consists of a gold seal, richly inlaid with jewels, the handle being formed by two gold dragons. Up to a month previous to the wedding the lady is presented with ten piebald horses, with complete trappings; 10 glit heimets and culrasses, 100 pieces of satin of first quality, and 200 pleces o cotton material.

ine lady is presented with ten picosaid horses, with complete trappings; 10 gilt heimets and culrasses, 100 pieces of sails of first quality, and 200 pieces of cotton material.

As weddling presents the bride receives 200 ounces of gold; 10,000 ounces (taels) of silver; 1 gold tea service, consisting of teapot, and 1 cup, with a lid; 1 silver tea service; 2 silver wash basins, 1,000 pieces of sain of the best quality; 20 horses, with complete trappings; 20 horses without trappings; 20 saddles for packborses and mules. The parents of the lady receive also 100 ounces of gold; 1 gold tea-set; 5,000 taels silver; 1 silver tea-set; 1 silver wash-basin; 500 pieces of silk; 1,000 pieces of cotton material; 6 horses, completely harnessed; 1 silver wash-basin; 500 pieces of silk; 1,000 pieces of cotton material; 6 horses, completely harnessed; a helmet and culrass; a bow and a quiver, with arrows; each parent 1 court dress for summer and 1 for winter, 1 every-day dress, and a sable coat. The brothers and servants of the bride also receive rich and costly presents.

The brothers and servants of the bride also receive rich and costly presents.

The bride's hats are the most remarkable articles among the rich trousseau. The winter court hat has a rim of sable; the crown is made of red velvet, from the centre of which rises a button composed of three parts, each of which is ornamented with three small obloing pearls of particular beauty and seventeen ordinary pearls, while in the centre of each part another splendid pearl is set in gold and surmounted by a gold pheenix. The button is surrounded by seven gold pheenix, on which each is initiad with seven large and twenty-one small pearls and a cat's-eye. At the back of the hat, below the button, a gold pheanant is placed with one cat's-eye and sixteen pearls. The tail of the pheasant is divided into nive parts by 302 small and five large pearls, forming a pendant, the centre of which is made of a laps lower to dresses, while down the front are sewn in gold thread the words "W

HINTS TO THEATRE-GOERS.

Wear your dress suit and don't dare to have additional button is a knife in your claims to re

Never appear be-boutonnièred. Let people think that you've just got up from dinner, for which you invariably dress. A tiny blot of gravy on your shirt-front to help the illusion will not be amiss. If you value your good name, never look as though you were enjoying yourself. It is the height of vulgarity and unworthy of a metropolitan theatre-goer. It will gain for you the qualification of '' disgustingly provincial.'

Never remain between the acts with the lady whom you have brought to the theatre. She will probably protest that she doesn't like you to leave her, but she will think all the more of you whe you return.

Loll in the lobby and look as though life were not a bit worth living. If any one ask you what you think of the play, stare at him, twirl your mustache, laugh cynically, and declare that you

Avoid allowing people to suppose that you see play for the first time. If the piece has never been done here previously, assert that you saw it in London, don'tchernow, even though you dock.

As you are leaving the theatre, linger in the lobby for a few minutes, and peer into the dark-ness of the street as though you were awaiting your carriage. Then suddenly tuck your co panion's arm in yours and dart out. This mode of exit is very effective.

Remance of a Model's Life.

[From the Chicago Inter Ocean.]
The romance of studio life appeals very strongly to the heart of every woman. The life of a model, as long as her popularity lasts, is like a penorams of beautiful sights, pleasant sounds and delightful sensations. The atmosphere of the studio attunes the souls of both artists and models to sentiment. Fancy sitting all day on a dais in a classic white robe with flowering azaleas all about and above you, shedding their intoxicating perfume on all sides, like a steady stream of heavenly breezes! Is it any wonder the artist falls in love with his model when he sees her raised above him under her canopy of flowers, like a vision of ideal womanhood, a golden-haired saint in a shrine or a Greek girl awalting her lover in the temple of Flora? Marriages are said to be made in heaven. They are certainly made in studies under most favorable auspices.

Good art demands good models. At present they are rare, and it is not a matter of astonishment that the artist who has discovered a sattlefactory female model should make her his own for life by marrying her.

Choking Catarrh.

Have you awakened from a disturbed sleep with all the porrible sensations of an assassin clutching your three and pressing the life-breath from your tightened chest Have you noticed the languor and debility that succeed the effort to clear your throat and head of this catarrhal matter ? [What a depressing influence it exerts upon the mind, clouding the memory and filling the head with nasal passages, throat and lungs of this poisonous mocus all can testify who are afflicted with caterrh. How difficult to protect the system against its further progress towards the lungs, liver and kidneys, all physicians will admit. It is a terrible disease and cries out for relief and

dies utterly fail, of SAFFORD'S RADICAL CURR, are at-tested by thousands who gratefully recommend it to fel-low-sufferers. No statement is made regarding it that

ne box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT and an IMPROVED IN HALER, with treatise and directions, and is sold by all

POTTER DRUG & CHENICAL CO., BOSTON

With their TOT dell PAINS with their weary, dull, sching, iffeiese, allgone sensation, relieved in one minute
by the Cutleura Anti-Pais Planter,
The first and only pain-subduing planter. Absolutely univalled as an instantaneous and
infallible antidate to pain, inflammation and weakness,
at all druggiests, 25 cents; first for \$1, or postage free, or
POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

The Langtry boom is at an end. She has held her supremacy for eight years in the newspapers of the world. London took her up first but grew tired of her when she returned to the English metropolis two years ago. Then she came back to us, but the feeling grew apace that the Langtry was a bit "passe." The shrewlest and best Judges of such matters, the New York theatrical managers, saw that Mrs. Potter was the coming star. Such men as Abbey, Glimore and Stetson, who are always ahead of the times, made every effort to secure Mrs. Potter's services long before that lady decided absolutely to go on the professional stage. Finally she took the plunge, and the contest between the rival managers grew more rabid than ever. Just at the most critical period of Mrs. Langtry's coreer, before she has become a really capable actress, and when her fame as a beauty is beginning to dim. Mrs. Potter comes upon the field. She is beautiful, graceful and stave. She does not know how to act, but then what has that to do with an actress of the sensational type nowadays?

Protty Girls Getting Searce.

[From the Philadelphia Pines,] But the scarcity of beauty is not confined to fashionable society, a circumstance that goes to show that fashionable dissipation is not the whole root of the trouble after all. It was the com root of the trouble after all. It was the common remark a few years ago that the prettiest girls in Philadelphis were to be found behind the counters in the large dry goods shops, and to a great extent it was true. Now it is almost impossible to find a girl that can be really classed as beaufful in one of these establishments. Where there is a girl nay of the stores that is at all pretty—such is the prevailing low average of beauty—she is immediately talked about and the people who patronize the establishment, none more so than the ladies of fashion themselves, say to one another; "Have you seen that pretty girl at what-do-you-call-sem's? You must go and look at her." There is nothing scarcer at the present moment than beauty, and with its searcity has come a liveher and more general appreciation of it.

The New York Bartender of To-Day.

[From a New Fork Letter.]
It is an admirable illustration of the care and drill that is now exercised over the men who not mix drinks for New Yorkers. The bartender has indeed failen into a place that very closely resem indeed failen into a place that very closely resembles that of the waiter, and, as very young men are being constantly pressed into the service and pushed forward because they are quick, wide awake and intelligent, the bar is no longer the rostrum for politics, horse racing and gambling talk. There was a time when a man who knew a bartender familiariy enough to call him "Billy," "Jinmy" or "Tommy," or whatever his name might be, and who received a nod in return, felt so clated and aristocratic that he was bound to get drunk off-hand to prove his appreciation of the favors. An old-time bartender, with his wast and ruffled shirt front, his large diamond pin, muggy fingers and elaborately curied hair, axists no more.

A Long-Feit Want. [From the Louisville Courter-Journal.] What Uncle Sam seems now to need in his Indian troubles is a good scare-Crow.

Answers to Correspondents. R. F. H.—Dante's' 'Inferno," illustrated by Doré, would certainly be a perfectly proper gift and one that should be highly appreciated. B. H. D.—If either of the parties to the wager demands his money back the stakeholder must re-turn it. If he does not, it can be recovered from him by a suit at law.

G. W. O.—The fastest time on record in this State, f not in the world, is the run of THE WORLD'S newspaper train from Syracuse to Buffalo, 147. miles in 86 minutes. An average of 66.6 miles per hour.

B. H. -- A street car conductor has a right to re B. H.—A street car conductor has a right to re-fuse transportation for any package whatever. The transportation is an act of accommodation to the passenger. If it is charged for the passenger has no right to complain no matter what the charge may be. The charge is a bribe, and if the passenger does not wish to pay the bribe he need not offer it.

C. H. R.—A bets B that on a certain day C was C. H. R.—A bets B that on a certain day C was in a certain place. It was agreed to leave it to C. C decides that he was there. It was afterwards proven that he lied. Who wins? A wins. The bet was left to aim. There is no appeal from the referee's decision. A retrial cannot be granted. It is quite useless to go behind the record and find out that the judge has been bribed.

he said, in reply to her remark. But the remark had flattered him—had been delightfully agreeable.

And Mrs. Lawton was looking so very charming—more so even than usual, if that were possible—that evening. There was such a soft color upon her cheek, such a light in her eves.

a soft color upon her cheek, such a light in her eyes.

And what an air of grace and breeding she had! There was something in personal distinction certainly. It was an excellent substitute for social distinction, if one could not have that. And what a quaint mellow name Hilary was!

"I have had one instance under my notice for some time," he pursued. "The young fellow came from the rural districts about two years ago. He was honest, industrious, a capital fellow, though rather dull. But I don't think it was the dulness which stood in the way of his getting on. He had not come to this city with any intention of seeking his fortune, it appeared. On the contrary when he came—poor wretch!—I fancy he thought himself possessed of a certain wealth. It was a touching story. It seems—I only found this out very lately, for the poor creature is very reticent—that had an attachment—rather a hopeless one, I imagine—for a young woman in his own place, and that she left it to come to the city. Oliver Payne—that is his name—saved and toiled and at the death of his father sold out his share of the farm and home. of his father sold out his share of the farm

and home.
"The young woman, it would appear, had and home.

"The young woman, it would appear, had been rather ambitious in the time past, and probably would not listen to his suit. Bot I suppose Oliver felt that if he presented himself before her as a capitalist in a mild way she might be induced to think differently of him and his ofter. But he never found her. She had gone up to higher things or down to lower, and he looked in vain. And then he had his money stolen from him one night in a lodging house, and he had to look for work or starve. But he did not get on. The hope that had held him up was growing dimmer all the time. Finally he fell ill. Now he is very low. I doubt if he lives through another day. I have been very greatly interested in the poor fellow. "The girl's name was Hilary Lester. Bhe worked first in a wholesale straw and flower house downtown. All trace of her disappears after that. Yes, it is really an unusually sad case."

"Poor—poor fellow! The girl was a name-sake of mine, then?"

Yes, indeed, Mrs. Lewion was elever; she

you slap the legs in a pan, and have a dish fit to lay before a king. Spitted venison may be a dainty dish and toasted quall a luxury, but friessed frog lays over anything I ever tried. Up at Shrewsbury, Pa., they make a fine art of dressing frogs for the table. They are these great big "blood-and-oundees," as the boys call them, which plump into the water with a sound like that of a bass-drum whenever you come near them. Then they lie beneath the surface and shout "Bloody-nowns!" in a deep, guitural lone that shakes the ground and almost frightens you away from the locality. My mother used to tell me that a "bloody-nowns" lived in the well when I was a boy and I never would go near the curb on that ac at. The boys in the country always call them "bloodys" for short. The sound thay make is out of all proportion to their size, and is a a terrible thing to pass through a marshy district on an autumn night and hear an army of them grumbling and roaring until the very hills tremble with the poles.

Fricassord Frog. A fat frog's leg is better than any chicken power tasted. You catch them right from the pom

with the big green coats on them, and after culture, the body off and pulling the skin over their fee

you slap the legs in a pan, and have a dish fit to

grumbling and roaring until the very hills tres I From the Louisville Courter-Journal There is great discontent in the prisons bees so many outside dudes are wearing stripes.

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Ra bis sreat character, DAN MULLIGAN.

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"MILLE DE BRANS EAR."

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THE WIFE Measte, Keley, Miller, Le Joyan
THE WIFE Measte, Keley, Miller, Le Joyan
THE WIFE Cayran, Henderson, Dillan, Se., Ze.

TIONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. TONY PASTOR AND NEW SHOW.

deserved to succeed. She had pushed her chair back a little from the lamp, but she dared not raise her fan to screen her face from its rays lest the action should betray the trembling of her hand.

The had the feeling a person might have who suddenly saw a chasm yawning at his feet. She dared not move; she scarcely breathed. She controlled the muscles of hor face, though she felt with horror that her checks were turning so cold and white that her visitor must notice the change.

"Ah! Wasgour name Lester, toof" aked Mr. McFarline with a little surprised smile as the coincidence.

the coincidence.
"No-I was referring to her first name-

"No—I was referring to her first name—Hilary."

"Ah, yes."
He began talking of other things. Mrs. Lawton, smiling a little, throwing in an app word now and then, sat still, while the quivering in her neves subsided and the bounding of her heart grew less and less. She had but one thought. Had he observed anything? Had he suspected the cause of her agitation? It seemed to her that it must be written all over her face that she was the Hilary Hester who had worked in the flower-house downtown, and who now denied the man she had known since childhood, the farm laborer who had seen her go about her menial duties of the miserable house.

But she need have no apprehension. It could never have occurred to Mr. Vanness McFarlane to conceive of any possible connection between this refined, graceful, brilliant young woman, who had evidently been superior to her dry-goods clerk husband and the country girl who had won the heart of poor, ignorant, faithful Oliver Payne.

When Mr. McFarlane called again (and the intervals between his calls were growing more and more short) he thought it only a proof of the directness and femininity of Mrs. Lawton's charming nature that she should ask after his protege and hope he was better.

"I don't know whether it should be called better or not," returned Mr. McFarlane pensively. "The poor fellow is dead!"

"Dead?"

"Yes. He died last night." Hilary.

. . . . A few months later the morning papers of the metropolis announced the marriage of Mr. Vannest McFarlane to Mrs. Hilary Leu-

Her splendid eyes flashed upon the young undefined way he felt elumsy and loutish.

"Ambition!" He repeated vaguely. Hilary swung herself on the gate with

tle with the announcement she had been making of high and brilliant social aims for herself.

She flung the word out with a magnificent

He said it gravely, without accent of offense.

decision and passion.
Oliverfelt himself defenseless before this which he felt vaguely, which haunted him with a torturing sense that his reasons were

best, but that he should never succeed in ex-plaining them so that Harry would heed, or

plaining them so that Harry would need, or even listen.

He stood, in appearance a bulky, stolid young rustic, chewing without thought the long straw he held between his teeth; and the bright, slight, vivid girl by his side con-tinued to swing her lithe body backwards and forwards on the white gate from which the paint was chipping, and forgot his ex-istence. istence.

It was a night fair and warm, and redolent with sweet, wholesome odors from the great red barn stocked with grain. There was a glory of moonlight abroad, and a south wind rustled the elms. It was a night full of poetry—full of the mysterious voices of nature.

poetry—full of the mysterious voices of nature.

The young fellow, through his heavy corporeal envelope, thrilled with visions, resolves, yearnings he could not define or understand, of which he was scarce conscious. The girl, her spirited beauty verified by the rare light that shone upon her face, her eyes looking widely out into the sleeping fields, dreamed of city streets, and the life of thronging crowds, and the delights of delicate dress.

dreamed or city streets, and the life of thronging crowds, and the delights of delicate dress.

After a silence neither had measured for different reasons, Oliver stirred slowly.

"I suppose I must be going," he said.

"Oh, must you?"

Hilary came back violently from her reverie and gave him an absent glance. But immediately, as he was turning away without other words, she added:

"Come again when you can," and accompanied the admonition with a smile whose actual enchantment she could not have helped had she tried.

She looked after his tall, broad figure going down the moonlit road.

"Poor Oliver! He's a first-rate fellow," she thought.

And then she went back to the castles she was building, crystal clear and iridescent with a hundred lights in the silence of the sweet, serene midsummer night.

sweet, serene midsummer night. . . . . . The shops were opening, the factory-girls were trooping to their work, and the great city was awaking with a myriad tongues to its busy day, when a young man—whe, somehow, had the look of middle age about him, too—stopped at an address which he had in his pocket. It might have been there some time, for the bit of paper on which it was

now?"
The superb female smiled mightily.
"Not very well, since I have told you that I don't even remember the name."
"No, of course not," stammered poor Oliver."

his own absorbing concerns—intent, brushed by him unheeding.

Where should he look now? Never in these five years of toil, of patient starving for one idea, had this thought occurred to him that when he did manage to follow her it might be too late; that she might have gone beyond the ken of those who had known her. He walked about the streets vaguely, aimlessly all that day, and when the thoroughfares shone with the white glare of electric lights he continued his footsore wanderings.

Presently he noticed a sign offering night's lodgings beside a flight of stairs leading into a large house. He considered a moment and then went in. He engaged a room, then took his money out of his pocket and put it under his pillow. He would be very careful of it. He would spend nothing on himself. He might find Hilary yet. But where? Oh,



" THE POOR FELLOW'S DEAD." my God! With a sudden icy terror of premonition shooting through him he turned his head into his hard, thin, coarse pillow. . . . . . .

It was a small room, its spaces managed and utilized in the spirit of compact snugness which characterizes the cheaper metropolitan flat; but it was a very pretty room. Its grace and almost elegance of arrangement made up for its exiguity. And the pretty woman who poured tea for her one visitor gave a last bright charm to the apartment, which the gentleman was not slow to appreciate.

which the gentleman was not slow to appreciate.

He was a rather florid person, to whose good looks the touch of forty years had given a certain appearance of added prosperity and perhaps pomponeness. The appearance of prosperity was quite justified. Mr. Vannest McFarlane had all the material things which a man need wish for.

Perhaps he took them—his unimpeachable

position, his gentle blood, his inherited and accumulated wealth—rather as a tribute to his personal excellence and respectability; but, all the same, he was a man of many good impulses and of some generosity. If he were

impulses and of some generosity. If he were very prudent in some respects, one could not but acknowledge that he had the right to such prudence, situated as he was.

"Yes, I have great sympathy with some of these fellows," observed Mr. McFarlane, sipping his tea. "It is pathetic the struggle they go through when they are launched into the maelstrom of city life. Some swim; but many more sink. Yes—poor fellows! I've seen a good many cases of the kind."
The bright young widow's face darkened with an alluring sympathy.

"Yes," she assented, with a soft little murmur. murmur.
"Some have come under my especial

"Yes? I dare say you have given many a struggler a helping hand, too," said the young widow.
She said it quietly, not impulsively. If she had forced the enthusiastic note at all, Mr. McFarlane's delicate taste would have Mr. McFarlane's delicate taste would have taken umbrage.

This was precisely what McFarlane so greatly appreciated in the charming little woman in the black dress, He made no illusion to himself on the score of her probable original status. He did not know exactly what it was; but he imagined, without wishing to inquire very far back, that it was something rather simple, while respectable.

He did not think he should at all have cared for the acquaintance of the defunct Mr. Lawton, who had been a frank, fresh young dry-goods clerk, with great limitations as to his intellectual outlook, and evidently great-

is intellectual outlook, and evidently greathis intellectual outlook, and evidently greatly his young wife's inferior.

Mr. McFarlance could not but consider it
as almost providential—and this quite impersohally—that the young dry-goods clerk,
after insuring his life nicely, should have
left his wife to pursue her career unhampered
by the restrictions that a husband without
many resources must place upon a clever and many resources must place upon a clever an

many resources must place upon a ciever and pretty woman.

If Mr. McFarlane was a little slow in finally crystallizing his various feelings of appreciation, admiration, for this particularly clever and pretty women into a definite offer of his person and its accompanying advantages, it is to be remembered, as said before, that the advantages were really quite uncommon.

"A man does what he can in such a case,"